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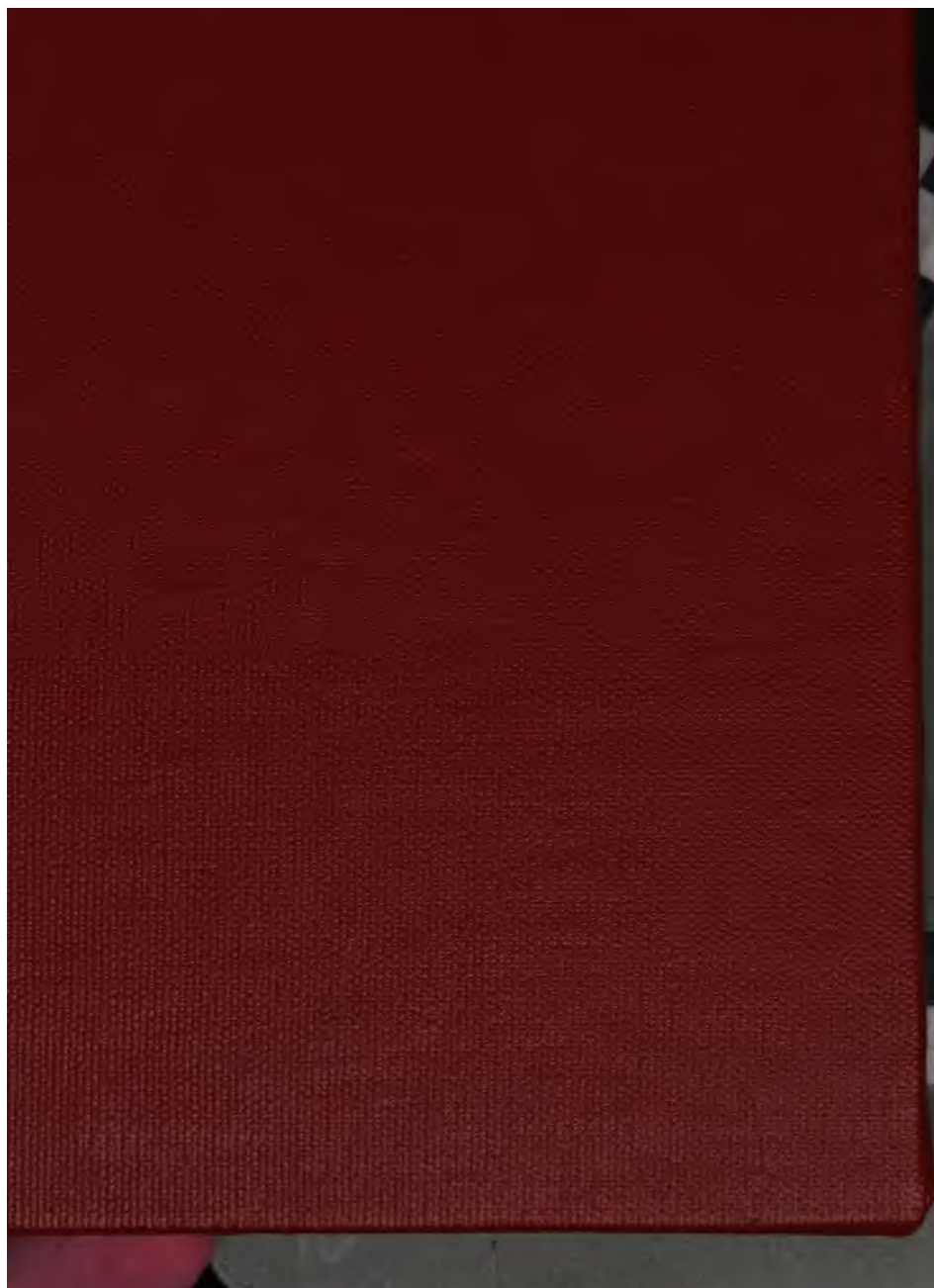
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We have been informed that
utilizing the text is not possible.

PLEASE READ THIS

GENERAL INFORMATION



"It bates the Lachymalchrysal out ov the face," says
the Pope.—Page 23.



Father Tom sacks the Pope.—*Page 36.*

(7)

Read what S. J. Prime, Esq., the Editor of the New York Christian Observer, says of "Father Tom and the Pope," in that paper, editorially.

"FATHER TOM AND THE POPE.—There is a time to laugh, and we had it when we read a little book with the taking title of 'Father Tom and the Pope.' It is a broad satire on the faith and practice of Mother Rome: too broad perhaps for this country, where the Irish brogue, Irish humor, and Irish technical terms are not as readily caught as they are in the green isle for which the book is written.

"Father Tom goes to Rome; he is a Romish priest from Ireland, and in Rome, his Holiness invites the celebrated champion of the Church to take 'pot look wid him.' At the table the Pope offers him various kinds of wine, but Father Tom, more accustomed to something stronger and warmer, complains of the drink, and greatly to the disgust of the Pope produces a bottle of the 'rale stuff' from his coat pocket. His Holiness rebukes him for bringing his own liquor when coming to dine with the prince of princes, but catching a whiff of the whiskey across the table, asks for the bottle, brings it to his blessed nose, and exclaims, 'Holy Virgin! but it has the divine smell!'

"After this they have a good time generally; the priest produces another bottle from another pocket; calls for the house-keeper to bring the 'matarials' to brew a punch; she comes; a comely damsel; and then occurs a scene that introduces as keen a satire on one of the dogmas of Rome as was ever made, for the particulars of which we advise all persons to buy and read the book; entitled, '*Father Tom and the Pope.*'"

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE;

OR,

A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN.

BY THE LATE
JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1879.


PREFACE.

THE Rev. Thomas Maguire, Catholic rector of a remote parish in the county of Leitrim, in the north-west of the province of Connaught, Ireland, is generally considered to have been the hero of the amusingly exaggerated brochure, entitled "Father Tom and the Pope," which first appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, for May, 1838. He was subsequently introduced, as Father Tom Loftus, in Charles Lever's "Harry Lorrequer."

Mr. Maguire was very popular in Ireland, because it was claimed that, in 1827, he had

defeated the Rev. T. P. Pope, a Protestant clergyman of Cork, in a six days' discussion on controversial points of the faith and practice of the Church of Rome and the Church of England; because, at the great Clare Election, in 1828, his great influence and eloquence were exercised in behalf of Mr. O'Connell; and because, several years' later, following up the polemical policy of Dr. McHale, R. C. Archbishop of Tuam, he had opposed what is called the National System of Education in Ireland.

While thus occupied, he was selected to figure in "Father Tom and the Pope," written by John Fisher Murray, of Dublin, lately deceased. "To the manor born," John Murray was familiar with every point, serious and amusing, in the Irish Education Scheme. From November 1836 to June 1841, he had largely contributed, to *Blackwood*, a series of short essays, racy and familiar.



The authorship of "Father Tom and the Pope" has been variously attributed to other writers—particularly to Dr. Maginn, to the Rev. Francis Mahony ("Father Prout"), and to Samuel Ferguson, of Dublin. It is clear, from the local allusions, that the author was familiar with the county of Leitrim: but Dr. Maginn was a Southern, who probably never was ten miles north of Dublin, at any time. Again, the author must have been personally familiar with Archbishop Whately's attempt to have the National Schoolmasters instructed in Political Economy, his favorite science; but Dr. Maginn, who had quitted Dublin in 1818, and settled in London in 1824, never visited Ireland after the latter date. Francis Mahony, also from Cork, was in London, Magazine-writing, when "Father Tom" was published, and could not have known any thing of its subject: besides, his style was entirely different. Mr.

Ferguson, whose "Forging of the Anchor" is a noble lyric, was not a humorous writer. It is only fair to affiliate "Father Tom and the Pope," upon its actual author, the late John Fisher Murray.

In the present edition the text has been so carefully revised and corrected, that it is believed no inaccuracy is to be found in it.

R. S. M.

Those who have not read that amusing *jeu d'esprit*, 'Father Tom and the Pope,' can in some degree make up for their great loss by following the controversy over the translation of the Latin of the Pope's late Irish circular now raging between the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the *Freeman's Journal*. The struggle is a tremendous one, in which Riddle's Latin Dictionary and its illustrative citations are freely used by the combatants, the advantage lying, we think, with the *Freeman's Journal*, owing to its terrible power of sarcasm. There is, too, apparently a spice of race hatred in the struggle, if we may judge from the withering references to "Oxford, you know," which the scholar of the *Journal* makes, indicating, we fancy, that he smells an Englishman in the *Eagle* office. The bone of contention now is the meaning of "cupiditas," which the *Journal* translated "party spirit." The unfortunate *Eagle* questioned this, and was forthwith crushed with Riddle's Dictionary, and threatened with "other fuller lexicons" if he did not hold his tongue. He again got into trouble by alleging that "assedis" was not a word of classical Latinity. This made the *Journal* nearly sick; but it had strength enough left to attack him again with Riddle, and "other lexicographers," holding Cornelius Nepos and Juvenal in reserve. Finally, the *Eagle* is told scornfully that no more notice will be taken of it "till it moults a better feather for us to gather to wing with it an arrow back." And yet, with this "transpiring in our midst," the stream of city life seems to flow on as usual, and the sun shines as brightly on the *Eagle's* pain as on the brutal triumph of the *Journal*.

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FATHER TOM AND THE POPE;

OR

A Night at the Vatican.

CHAPTER I.

HOW FATHER TOM WENT TO TAKE POT-LUCK AT THE
VATICAN.

WHEN his Riv'rence was in Room, ov coorse the Pope axed him to take pot look wid him. More be token, it was on a Friday; but, for all that, there was plenty of mate; for the Pope gev himself an absolution from the fast on account of the great company that was in it—at laste so I'm tould. Howandiver, there's no fast on the dhrink, any how—glory be to God!

—and so, as they wor sitting, afther dinner, taking their sup together, says the Pope, says he, “Thomaus,” for the Pope, you know, spakes that away, and all as one as ov uz—— “Thomaus *a lanna*,” says he, “I’m tould you welt them English heretics out ov the face.”

“You may say that,” says his Riv’rence to him again. “Be my soul,” says he, “if I put your Holiness undher the table, you won’t be the first Pope I floored.”

Well his Holiness laughed like to split; for you know, Pope was the great Prodesan that Father Tom put down upon Purgathory; and ov coorse they knew all the ins and outs of the conthravarsy at Room. “Faix, Thomaus,” says he, smiling across

the table at him mighty agreeable—
“it’s no lie what they tell me, that
yourself is the pleasant man over the
dhrup ov good liquor.”

“Would you like to thry?” says his
Riv’rince.

“Sure, and am’nt I thrying all I
can?” says the Pope. “Sorra betther
bottle ov wine’s betuxt this and Sala-
mancha, nor there’s fornenst you on
the table; it’s raal Lachrymachrystal,
every spudh ov it.”

“It’s mortal could,” says Father
Tom.

“Well, man alive,” says the Pope,
“sure and here’s the best ov good
claret in the cut decanther.”

“Not maining to make little ov the
claret, your Holiness,” says his Riv-
rence, “I would prefir some hot wa-

ther and sugar, wid a glass ov spirits through it, if convanient."

"Hand me over the bottle of brandy," says the Pope to his head butler, "and fetch up the materi'ls," says he.


"Ah, then, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, mighty eager, "maybe you'd have a dhrop ov the native in your cellar? Sure it's all one throuble," says he, "and, troth, I dunna how it is, but brandy always plays the puck wid my inthrails."

"'Pon my conscience, then," says the Pope, "it's very sorry I am Mither Maguire," says he, "that it isn't in my power to plase you ; for I'm sure and certaint that there's not as much whiskey in Room this blessed minit as 'ud blind the eye ov a midge."

"Well, in troth, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "I knewn there was no use in axing; only," says he, "I didn't know how else to exqueeze the liberty I tuck," says he, "of bringing a small taste," says he, "of the real stuff," says he, hauling out an imperi'l quart bottle out ov his coat-pocket; "that never seen the face ov a guager," says he, setting it down on the table fornenst the Pope; "and if you'll jist thry the full ov a thimble ov it, and it doesn't rise the cockles ov your Holiness's heart, why then, my name," says he, "isn't Tom Maguire!" and with that he out's wid the cork.

Well, the Pope at first was going to get vexed at Father Tom for fetching dhrink thataway in his pocket, as

if there wasn't lashins in the house: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I'd have you to comprehind the differ betuxt an inwitation to dinner from the succissor of Saint Pether, and from a common mayur or a Prodesan squirean that maybe has'nt liquor enough in his cupboard to wet more nor his own heretical whistle. That may be the way wid them that you wisit in Leithrim," says he, "and in Roscommon; and I'd let you know the differ in the prisint case," says he, "only that you're a champion ov the Church and entitled to laniency. So," says he, "as the liquor's come, let it stay. And in troth I'm curis myself, says he, getting mighty soft when he found the delightful smell ov the *putteen*, "in inwistigating the compo-



sition ov distilled liquors ; it's a branch ov natural philosophy," says he, taking up the bottle and putting it to his blessed nose.

Ah ! my dear, the very first snuff he got ov it, he cried out, the dear man, "Blessed Vargin, but it has the divine smell !" and crossed himself and the bottle half a dozen times running.

"Well, sure enough, it's the blessed liquor now," says his Riv'rence, "and so there can be no harm any way in mixing a dandy of punch ; and," says he, stirring up the materi'ls wid his goolden meeddlar—for every thing at the Pope's table, to the very shrew for drawing the corks, was ov vergin goold — "if I might make boold," says he "to spake on so deep a subjiic

afore your Holiness, I think it 'ud considherably whacilitate the investigation ov its chemisthry and phwar-maceutics, if you'd jist thry the laste sup in life ov it inwardly."

"Well then, suppose I do make the same expiriment," says the Pope, in a much more condescinding way nor you'd have expected—and wid that he mixes himself a real stiff facer.

"Now, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "this bein' the first time you ever dispinsed them chymicals," says he, "I'll jist make bould to lay down one rule ov orthography," says he, "for conwhounding them, *secundum mortem*."

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"Put in the sperits first," says his Riv'rence; "and then put in the

sugar; and remember, every dhrop ov wather you put in after that, spoils the punch."

"Glory be to God!" says the Pope, not minding a word Father Tom was saying. "Glory be to God!" says he, smacking his lips. "I never knewn what dhrink was afore," says he. "It bates the Lachymalchrystal out ov the face!" says he—"it's Necthar itself, it is, so it is!" says he, wiping his epistolical mouth wid the cuff ov his coat.

"'Pon my secret honour," says his Riv'rence, "I'm raally glad to see your Holiness set so much to your satisfaction; especially," says he, "as, for fear ov accidents, I tuck the liberty of fetching the fellow ov that small vesshel," says he, "in my other coat-

pocket. So devil a fear of our running thry till the but-end of the evening, anyhow," says he.

"Dhraw your stool into the fire, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "for faix," says he, "I'm bent on anilizing the metaphwysics ov this phinomenon. Come, man alive, clear off," says he, "you're not dhrinking at all."

"Is it dhrink?" says his Riv'rence; "by Gorra, your Holiness," says he, "I'd dhrink wid you till the cows 'ud be coming home in the morning."

So wid that they tackled to, to the second fugil a-piece, and fell into a larned discourse.

But it's time for me now to be off to the lecthir at the Boord. Oh my sorra light upon you, Dochter Whately,

wid your plitical econimy and your hydherastatics! What the *divul* use has a poor hedge-masther like me wid sich deep larning as is only fit for the likes ov them two I left over their second tumbler? Howandiver, wishing I was like them, in regard ov the sup ov dhrink, any how, I must brake off my norration for the prisint; but when I see you again, I'll tell you how Father Tom made a hare ov the Pope that evening, both in theology and the cube root.

CHAPTER II.

HOW FATHER TOM SACKED HIS HOLINESS IN THE- OLOGY AND LOGIC.

WELL, the lecther's over, and I'm kilt out and out. My bitther curse be upon the man that invinted the same Boord! I thought onct I'd fadomed the say ov throuble; and that was when I got through fractions at ould Mat Kavanagh's school, in Firdramore—God be good to poor Mat's sowl, though he did deny the cause the day he suffered! but its fluxions itself we're set to bottom now, sink or

shwim! May I never die if my head isn't as throughother, as any thing wid their ordinals and cardinals—and, begad, it's all nothing to the econimy lecthir that I have to go to at two o'clock. Howandiver, I musn't forget that we left his Riv'rence and his Holiness sitting fornenst one another in the parlor ov the Vatican, jist afther mixing their second tumbler.

When they had got well down into the same, they fell, as I was telling you, into learned discourse. For you see, the Pope was curious to find out whether Father Tom was the great theologinall that people said; and says he, "Mister Maguire," says he, "What answer do you make to the heretics when they quote them passidges agin

thransubstantiation out ov the Fathers?" says he.

"Why," says his Riv'rence, "as there is no sich passidges I make myself mighty asy about them; but if you want to know how I dispose ov them," says he, "just repate one ov them, and I'll show you how to cata-pomphericate it in two shakes.

"Why then," says the Pope, "myself disremimbers the particlar passidges they allidge out ov them ould felleys," says he, "though sure enough they're more numerous nor edifying—so we'll jist suppose that a heretic was to find sich a saying as this in Austin, 'Every sensible man knows that thransubstantiation is a lie,'—or this out of Tertullian or Plutarch, 'the bishop ov Rome is a common

imposther,"—now tell me, could you answer him?"

"As easy as kiss," says his Riv'-rence. "In the first, we're to understand that the exprission, 'Every sin-sible man,' signifies simply, 'every man that judges by his nath'ral sinses;' and we all know that nobody foleying them seven deludhers could ever find out the mysthery that's in it, if somebody didn't come in to his assistance wid an eighth sinse, which is the only sinse to be depended on, being the sinse ov the Church. So that, regarding the first quotation which your Holiness has supposed, it makes clane for us, and tee-totally agin the heretics."


"That's the explanation sure enough," says his Holiness; "and now

what div you say to my being a common imposther?"

"Faix, I think," says his Riv'rence, "wid all submission to the better judgment ov the learned father that your Holiness has quoted, he'd have been a thrifle nearer the thruth, if he had said that the bishop ov Rome is the grand imposther and top-sawyer in that line over us all."

"What do you mane?" says the Pope, getting quite red in the face.

"What would I mane," says his Riv'rence, as composed as a docther ov physic, "but that your Holiness is at the head ov all them—troth I had a'most forgot I wasn't a bishop myself," says he, "the deludher was going to say, as the head of all *uz*, that has the gift ov laving on hands. For



sure," says he, "imposther and *imposithir* is all one, so you're only to un-
dherstand *manuum*, and the job is
done. Auvuich!" says he, "if any
heretic 'ud go for to cast up sich a
passidge as that agin me, I'd soon give
him a p'lite art ov cutting a stick to
welt his own back wid."

"'Pon my apostolical word," says
the Pope, "you've cleared up them
two pints in a most satiswhactery
manner."

"You see," says his Riv'rence, by
this time they wor mixing their third
tumbler—"the writings of them Fa-
thers is to be thrated wid great vene-
ration; and it 'ud be the height ov
presumption in any one to sit down to
interpret them widout providing him-
self wid a genteel assortment ov the

best figures of rhetoric, sich as metonymy, hyperbol, cattychraysis, prolepsis, mettylipsis, superbaton, pollysyndreton, hustheronprotheron, prosodypeia and the like, in ordher that he may never be at a loss for shuitable sintiments when he comes to their high-flown passidges. For unless we thrate them Fathers liberally to a handsome allowance ov thropes and figures, they'd set up heresy at onc't, so they would."

"It's thru for you," says the Pope; "the figures ov spache is the pillars ov the Church."

"Bedad," says his Riv'rence, "I dunna what we'd do widout them at all."

"Which one do you prefir?" says the Pope; "that is," says he, "which

figure of spache do you find most usefulest when you're hard set?"

"Metaphour's very good," says his Riv'rence, "and so's mettonymy—and I've known prosodypeia stand to me at a pinch mighty well—but for a constancy, superbaton's the figure for my money. Devil be in me," says he, "but I'd prove black white as fast as a horse 'ud thro't wid only a good stick ov superbaton."

"Faix," says the Pope, wid a sly look, "you'd need to have it backed, I judge, wid a small piece of assurance."

"Well now, jist for that word," says his Riv'rence, "I'll prove it widout aither one or other. Black," says he, "is one thing and white is another thing. You don't conthravene that?

But every thing is aither one thing or another thing; I defy the apostle Paul to get over that dilemma. Well! If any thing be one thing, well and good; but if it be another thing, then it's plain it isn't both things, and so can't be two things—nobody can deny that. But what can't be two things must be one thing,—*Ergo*, whether it's one thing or another thing it's all one. But black is one thing and white is another thing,—*Ergo*, black and white is all one. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"Stop a bit," says the Pope, "I can't althegither give in to your second miner—no—your second major," says he, and he stopped. "Faix, then," says he, getting confused, "I don't rightly remimber where it was

exactly that I thought I seen the flaw in your premises. Howsomdiver," says he, "I don't deny that it's a good conclusion, and one that 'ud be ov materil service to the Church if it was dhrawn wid a little more distinctive-ness."

"I'll make it as plain as the nose on your Holiness's face, by superbaton," says his Riv'rence. My adversary says, black is not another colour, that is white? Now that's jist a parallel passidge wid the one out ov Tartulion that me and Hayes smashed the here-tics on in Clarendon Sthreet." 'This is my body, that is, the figure ov my body.' That's a superbaton, and we showed that it oughtn't to be read that way at all but this way, 'This figure of my body *is* my body.' Jist

so wid my adversary's proposition it mustn't be undherstood the way it reads, by no manner of manes; but it's to be taken this way,—‘Black, that is, white, is not another colour,—green, if you like, or orange, by dad, for any thing I care, for my case is proved. ‘Black,’ that is, ‘white,’ lave out the ‘that,’ by sinnalayphy, and you have the orthodox conclusion, ‘Black is white,’ or by convarision, “White is black.”

“It's as clear as mud,” says the Pope.

“Bedad,” says his Riv'rence, “I'm in great humour for disputin' to-night. I wisht your Holiness was a heretic jist for two minutes,” says he, “till you'd see the flaking I'd give you!”

“Well then, for the fun o' the thing

suppose me my namesake, if you like," says the Pope, laughing, "though, by Jayminy," says he, "he's not one that I take much pride out ov."

"Very good—devil a bitther joke ever I had," says his Riv'rence, "Come, then, Misther Pope," says he, "hould up that purty face ov yours, and answer me this question. Which 'ud be the biggest lie, if I said I seen a turkey-cock lying on the broad ov his back, and picking the stars out ov the sky, or if I was to say that I seen a gandher in the same inther restin' posture, raycreating himself wid similar asthronomical experiments? Answer me that, you ould swaddler?" says he.

"How durst you call me a swaddler, sir?" says the Pope, forgetting.

the dear man, the part that he was acting.

"Don't think to bully me!" says his Riv'rence, "I always daar to spake the truth, and it's well known that you're nothing but a swaddling ould sent ov a saint," says he, never letting on to percave that his Holiness had forgot what they were agreed on.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "I often hard ov the imperance ov you Irish afore," says he, "but I never expected to be called a saint in my own house, either by Irishman or Hot-tentot. "I'll till you what, Mистер Maguire," says he, "if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you had betther be walking off wid yourself; for I beg lave to give you to undherstand, that it won't be for the good ov

your health if you call me by sich an outprobrious epithet again," says he.

"Oh, indeed! then things is come to a purty pass," says his Riv'rence (the dear funny soul that he ever was!) "when the lik ov you compares one of the Maguires ov Tempo wid a wild Ingine! Why, man alive, the Maguires was kings ov Fermanagh three thousand years afore your grandfather, that was the first ov your breed that ever wore shoes and stockings" (I'm bound to say, in justice to the poor Prodesan, that this was all spoken by his Riv'rence by way of a figure ov spache), "was sint his Majesty's arrand to cultivate the friendship of Prince Lee Boo in Botteney Bay! Oh Bryan dear," says he, letting on to cry, "if you were alive to hear a *boddagh*

Sassenagh like this casting up his counthry to me ov the name ov Maguire."

"In the name ov God," says the Pope, very solemniously, "what *is* the maning ov all this at all at all?" says he.

"Sure," says his Riv'rence, whispering to him across the table, "sure you know we're acting a conthrawarsy, and you tuck the part ov the Prodesan champion. You wouldn't be angry wid me, I'm sure, for sarving out the heretic to the best ov my ability."

"Oh begad, I had forgot," says the Pope, the good-natured ould crethur; "sure enough you were only taking your part as a good Milesian Catholic ought agin the heretic Sassanagh.

Well," says he, "fire away now, and I'll put up wid as many conthroversial compliments as you plase to pay me."


"Well, then, answer me my question, you santimonious ould dandy," says his Riv'rence.

"In troth, then," says the Pope, "I dunna which 'ud be the biggest lie, to my mind," says he; "the one appears to be about as big a bounce as the other."

"Why, then, you poor simpleton," says his Riv'rence, "don't you persave, that forbye the advantage the gander 'ud have in the length ov his neck, it 'ud be next to empossible for the turkey-cock lying thataway to see what he was about, by rason ov his djollars and other accouthrements hanging back over his eyes? The one

about as big a bounce as the other! Oh, you misfortunate crethur! if you had ever larned your A. B. C. in theology, you'd have known that there's a differ betuxt them two lies so great, that, begad, I wouldn't wondher if it 'ud make a balance ov five years in purgathory to the sowl that 'ud be in it. Ay, and if it wasn't that the Church is too liberal entirely, so she is, it 'ud cost his heirs and succissors betther nor ten pounds to have him out as soon as the other. Get along, man, and take half-a-year at dogmatical theology: go and read your Dens, you poor dunce, you!"

"Raaly," says the Pope, "you're making the heretics shoes too hot to hould me. I wundher how the Prode-sans can stand afore you at all."



“Don’t think to delude me,” says his Riv’rence, “dонт think to back out ov your challenge now,” says he, “but come to the scratch like a man, if you are a man, and answer me my question. What’s the rason, now, that Julius Cæsar and the Vargin Mary was born upon the one day—answer me that, if you wouldn’t be hissed off the platform?”

Well, my dear, the Pope couldn’t answer it, and he had to acknowledge himself sacked. Then he axed his Riv’rence to tell him the rason himself; and Father Tom communicated it to him in Latin. But as that is a very deep question, I never hard what the answer was, except that I’m tould it was so mysterious, it made the Pope’s hair stand on end. But there’s two o’clock, and I’ll be late for the lecthir.

CHAPTER III.

HOW FATHER TOM MADE A HARE OF HIS HOLINESS
IN LATIN.

OH, Docther Whateley, Docther Whateley, I'm sure I'll never die another death, if I don't die aither ov consumption or production! I ever and always thought that asthronomy was the hardest science that was till now—and, it's no lie I'm telling you, the same asthronomy is a tough enough morsel to brake a man's fast upon—and geolidgy is middling and hard too

- -and hydherastatics is no joke,--but ov all the books ov science that ever was opened and shut, that book upon P'litical Econimy lifts the pins! Well, well, if they wait till they persuade me that taking a man's rints out ov the counthry, and spinding them in forrain parts isn't doing us out ov the same, they'll wait a long time in truth. But you're waiting, I see, to hear how his Riv'rence and his Holiness got on after finishing the disputation I was telling you of. Well, you see, my dear, when the Pope found he couldn't hould a candle to Father Tom in theology and logic, he thought he'd take the shine out ov him in Latin any how: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I quite agree wid you that it's not lucky for us to be

spaking on them deep subjects in sich langidges as the evil spirits is acquainted wid; and," says he, "I think it 'ud be no harm for us to spake from this out in Latin," says he, "for fraid the devil 'ud undherstand what we are saying."

"Not a hair I care," says Father Tom, "whether they undherstand what we're saying or not, as long as we keep off that last pint we wer discussing, and one or two others. Listeners never hear good ov themselves," says he, "and if Belzhebut takes any thing amiss that aither you or me says in regard ov himself or his faction, let him stand forrid like a man, and never fear, I'll give him his answer. How-andiver, if it's for a taste ov classic conversation you are, jist to put us in

mind ov ould Cordarius," says he, "here's at you;" and wid that he lets fly at his Holiness wid his health in Latin.

"Vesthræ Sanctitatis salutem volo," says he.

"Vesthræ Revirintiæ salutritati bibo," says the Pope to him again (haith, it's no joke, I tell you, to remember sich a power ov larning). "Here's to you wid the same," says the Pope, in the raal Ciceronian. "Nunc poculum alterhum imple," says he.

"Cum omni jucunditate in vita," says his Riv'rence. "Cum summâ concupiscintiâ et animositate," says he, as much as to say, "Wid all the veins ov my heart, I'll do that same,"—and

so wid that they mix'd their fourth gun a-piece.

"Aqua vitæ vesthra sane est liquor admirabilis," says the Pope.

"Verum est pro te,—it's thrue for you"—says his Riv'rence, forgetting the idyim ov the Latin phwraseology in a manner.

"Prava est tua Latinitas, domine," says the Pope, finding fault like wid his etymology.

"Parva culpa mihi," "small blame to me, that's," says his Riv'rence, "nam multum laboro in partibus interioribus," says he—the dear man! that never was at a loss for an excuse!

"Quid tibi incommodi?" says the Pope, axing him what ailed him.

"Habesne id quod Anglicè vocamus, a looking-glass," says his Riv'rence.

‘Immo, habeo speculum splendissimum subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatoriæ,” says the Pope, pulling out a beautiful goold snuff-box, wid a looking-glass in undher the lid—“Subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatorii — no — starnutatoriæ—quam dono accepi ab Arch-duce Austriaco siptuagisima prætheritâ,” says he—as much as to say that he got the box in a prisint from the Queen ov Spain last Lint, if I rightly remimber.

Well, Father Tom laughed like to burst. At last says he, “Pather Sancte,” says he, “sub errore jaces. ‘Looking-glass’ apud nos habet significationem quamdam peculiarem ex tempore diei dependentem,”—there was a sthring ov accusatives for yes!—“nam mane speculum sonat,” says he,

"post prandium vero mat—mat—mat"—sorra be in me but I disremimber the classic appellivation ov the same article. Howandiver, his Rivrence went on explaining himself in such a way as no scholar could mistake. "Vesica mea," says he, "ab illo ultimo eversore distenditur, donec similis est rumpere. Verbis apertis," says he, "Vesthræ Sanctitatis præsentia salvata, aquam facere valde desidhero."

"Ho, ho, ho!" says the Pope, grabbing up his box, "si inquinavisses meam pyxidem, excimnicari debuisses—Hillo, Anthony," says he to his head butler, "fetch Misther Maguire a"—

"You spoke first!" says his Rivrence, jumping off his sate: "You spoke first in the vernacular! I take

Misther Anthony to witness," says he.


"What else would you have me to do?" says the Pope, quite dogged like to see himself bate that-a-way at his own waypons. "Sure," says he, "Anthony wouldn't undherstand a B from a bull's foot, if I spoke to him any other way."

"Well, then," says his Riv'rence, "in considheration ov the needcessity," says he, "I'll let you off for this time! but mind now, afther I say *præstho*, the first ov us that spakes a word ov English is the hare—*præstho!*"

Neither ov them spoke for near a minit, considering wid themselves how they were to begin sich a great thrial ov shkill. At last, says the Pope—the blessed man, only think

how 'cute it was ov him!—"Domine Macguire," says he, "valce desidhero, certiozem fieri de significatione istius verbi *eversor* quo jam jam usus es"—(well, surely I *am* the boy for the Latin!)

"*Eversor*, id est cyathus," says his Riv'rence, "nam apud nos *tumbleri* seu eversores, dicti sunt ab evertendo ceremoniam inter amicos; non, ut Temperantiæ Societatis frigidis fautoribus placet, ab evertendis ipsis potatoribus." (It's not every masther undher the Boord, I tell you, could carry sich a car load ov the dead langidges.) "In agro vero Louthiano et Midensi," says he, "nomine gaudent quodam secundum linguam Anglicanam significante bombardam seu tormentum; quia ex eis tanquam ex telis jaculato-



riis liquorem facibus immittere solent. Etiam inter hæreticos illos melanostomos" (that was a touch ov Greek.) "Presbyterianos Septentrionales, qui sunt terribiles potatores, Cyathi dicti sunt *faceres*, et dimidium Cyathi *hæf-a-glessus*. Dimidium Cyathi verò apud Metropolitanos Hibernicos dicitur *dandy*."—

"En verbum Anglicanum!" says the Pope, clapping his hands,—"*leporem te fecisti*;" as much as to say that he had made a hare of himself.

"*Dandæus, dandæus* verbum erat," says his Riv'rence—oh, the dear man, but it's himself that was handy ever and always at getting out ov a hobble—"*dandæus* verbum erat," says he, "quod dicturus eram, cum me intherpillavisti."

"Ast ego dico," says the Pope very sharp, "quod verbum erat *dandy*."

"Per tibicinem qui coram Mose mcdulatus est," says his Riv'rence, "id flagellat mundum! *Dandæus* dixi, et tu dicis *dandy*; ergo tu es lepus, non ego—Ah, ha! Saccavi vesthram Sanctitatem!"

"Mendacium est!" says the Pope, quite forgetting himself, he was so mad at being sacked before the sarvints.

Well, if it hadn't been that his Holiness was in it, Father Tom 'ud have given him the contints of his tumbler betuxt the two eyes, for calling him a liar; and, in troth, it's very well it was in Latin the offince was conveyed, for, if it had been in the vernacular, there's no saying what 'ud ha' been the consequence. His Riv'rence was

mighty angry anyhow.—“Tu senex lathro,” says he, “quomodo audes me mendacem prædicare?”

“Et tu, sacrilege nebulo,” says the Pope, “quomodo audacitatem habeas, me Dei in terris vicarium, lathronem conviciari?”

“Interroga circumcirca,” says his Riv’rence.

“Abi ex ædibus meis,” says the Pope.

“Abi tu in malam crucem,” says his Riv’rence.

“Excimnicabo te,” says the Pope.


“Diabolus curat,” says his Riv’rence.

“Anathema sis,” says the Pope.

“Oscula meum pod”—says his Riv’rence—but, my dear, afore he could finish what he was going to say, thé

Pope broke out into the vernacular, "Get out o' my house, you reprobate!" says he in sich a rage that he could contain himself widin the Latin no longer.

"Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!" says his Riv'rence, "Who's the hare now, your Holiness? Oh, by this and by that, I've sacked you clane! Clane and clever I've done it, and no mistake! You see what a bit of desate will do wid the wisest, your Holiness—sure it was joking I was, on purpose to aggravate you—all's fair, you know, in love, law, and conthravarsy. In troth if I'd thought you'd have taken it so much to heart, I'd have put my head into the fire afore I'd have said a word to offend you," says he, for he seen that the Pope was very vexed.



"Sure, God forbid, that I'd say any thing agin your Holiness, barring it was in fun: for aren't you the father ov the faithful, and the thrue vicar ov God upon earth? And aren't I ready to go down on my two knees this blessed minit and beg your apostolical pardon for every word that I said to your displasement?"

"Are you in arnest that it is in fun you wer?" says the Pope.


"May I never die if I aren't says his Riv'rence. "It was all to provoke your Holiness to commit a brache ov the Latin, that I tuck the small liberties I did," says he.

"I'd have you to take care," says the Pope, "how you take sich small liberties again, or may be you'll provoke me to commit a brache ov the pace."

“Well, and if I did,” says his Riv’rence, “I know a sartan preparation ov chymicals that’s very good for curing a brache either in Latinity or friendship.”

“What’s that?” says the Pope, quite mollified, and sitting down again at the table that he had ris from in the first pluff of his indignation. “What’s that?” says he, “for ’pon my my Epistolical ’davy, I think it ’udn’t be asy to bate this miraculous mixthir that we’ve been thrying to anilize this two hours back,” says he, taking a mighty scientific swig out ov the bottom ov his tumbler.

“It’s good for a beginning,” says his Riv’rence; “it lays a very nate foundation for more sarious operation: but we’re now arrived at a pariod ov



the evening when it's time to proceed
wid our shuperstructure by compass
and square, like free and excipted
masons as we both are."

My time's up for the present; but
I'll tell you the rest in the evening at
home.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW FATHER TOM AND HIS HOLINESS DISPUTED AT METAPHYSICS AND ALGEBRA.

God be wid the time when I went to the classical seminary ov Firdramore! when I'd bring my sod o' turf undher my arm, and sit down on my shnug boss o' straw, wid my back to the masther and my shins to the fire, and score my sum in Dives's denominations ov the double rule o' three, or play fox and geese wid purty Jane Cruise that sat next me, as plisantly as the day was long, widout any one

so much as saying, "Mikey Hefferman what's that you're about?"—for ever since I was in the one lodge wid poor ould Mat I had my own way in his school as free as ever I had in my mother's shebeen.

God be wid them days, I say again, for it's althered times wid me, I judge, since I got undher Carlisle and Whately. Sich sthriictness! sich ordher! sich dhrilling, and lecthiring, and tuthoring as they do get on wid! I wisht to gracious the one-half ov their rules and regilations was sunk in the say. And they're getting so sthriict too about having fair play for the heretic childer! We've to have no more schools in the chapels, nor masses in the schools. Oh, by this and by that it'll never do at all!

The ould plan was twenty times bettther: and, for my own part, if it wasn't that the clargy supports them in a manner, and the grant's a thing not easily done widout these hard times, I'd see if I couldn't get a sheltered spot nigh hand the chapel, and set up again on the good ould principle: and faix, I think our metropolitan 'ud stand to me, for I know that his Grace's motto was ever and always, that, "Ignorance is the thrue mother ov piety."

But I'm running away from my narrative entirely, so I am. "You'll plase to ordher up the housekeeper, then," says Father Tom to the Pope, "wid a pint ov sweet milk in a skillet, and the bulk ov her fist ov butther, along wid a dust ov soft sugar in a

saucer, and I'll show you the way of producing a decoction that, I'll be bound, will hunt the thirst out ov every nook and corner in your Holiness's blessed carcidge."

The Pope ordhered up the ingredients, and they were brought in by the head butler.

"That'll not do at all," says his Riv'rence, "the ingredients won't combine in due proportion unless ye do as I bid yes. Send up the housekeeper," says he, "for a faymale hand is ondispinsably necessary to produce the adaption of the particles and the concurrence of the corpuscles, widout which you might boil till morning and never fetch the cruds off ov it."

Well, the Pope whispered to his

head butler, and by and by up there comes an ould faggot ov a *Cuillean*, that was enough to frighten a horse from his oats.

“Don’t thry for to decave me,” says his Riv’rence, “for it’s no use I tell yes. Send up the housekeeper, I bid yes: I seen her presarving gooseberries in the panthry as I came up: she has eyes as black as a sloe,” says he, “and cheeks like the rose in June; and sorra taste ov this celestial mixthir shall crass the lips ov man or mortéal this blessed night till she stirs the same up wid her own delicate little finger.”

“Misther Maguire,” says the Pope, “it’s very unproper ov you to spake that way ov my housekeeper: I won’t allow it sir.”

"Honor bright, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, laying his hand on his heart.

'Oh, by this and by that, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "I'll have none of your insinivations; I don't care who sees my whole household," says he; "I don't care if all the fay-males undher my roof was paraded down the High Street of Room," says he.

"Oh, its plain to be seen how little you care who sees them," says his Riv'rence. "You're afeared, now, if I was to see your housekeeper, that I'd say she was too handsome."

"No, I'm not!" says the Pope, "I don't care who sees her," says he. "Anthony," says he to the head butler, "bid Eliza throw her apron over

her head, and come up here." Wasn't that stout in the blessed man? Well, my dear, up she came, stepping like a three-year old, and blushing like the brake o' day: for though her apron was thrown over her head as she came for-rid, till you could barely see the tip ov her chin—more be token there was a lovely dimple in it, as I've been tould—yet she let it shlip abit to one side, by chance like, jist as she got fornenst the fire, and if she wouldn't have given his Riv'rence a shot if he hadn't been a priest, it's no matther.

"Now, my dear," says he, "You must take that skillet, and hould it over the fire till the milk comes to a blood hate; and the way you'll know that will be by stirring it onc't or twice wid the little finger ov your


right hand, afore you put in the butther: not that I misdoubt," says he "but that the same finger's fairer nor the whitest milk that ever came from the tit."

"None of your deludhering talk to the young woman, sir," says the Pope, mighty stern. "Stir the posset as he bids you, Eliza, and then be off wid yourself," says he.

"I beg your Holiness's pardon ten thousand times," says his Riv'rence, "I'm sure I meant nothing onproper; I hope I'm uncapable ov any sich dirilection of my duty," says he. "But, marciful Saver!" he cried out, jumping up on a suddent, "look behind you, your Holiness—I'm blest but the room's on fire!"

Sure enough the candle fell down

that minit, and was near setting fire to the windy-curtains, and there was some bustle, as you may suppose, getting things put to rights. And now I have to tell you ov a really onpleasant occurrence. If I was a Prodesan that was in it, I'd say that while the Pope's back was turned, Father Tom made free wid the two lips ov Miss Eliza; but, upon my conscience, I believe it was a mere mistake that his Holiness fell into on account of his being an ould man and not having aither his eyesight or his hearing very parfect. At any rate it can't be denied but that he had a sthrong imprission that sich was the case; for he wheeled about as quick as thought, jist as his Riv'rence was sitting down, and charged him wid the offince plain and plump. "Is



it kissing my housekeeper before my face you are, you villain!" says he, "Go down out o' this," says he, to Miss Eliza, "and do you be packing off wid you," he says to Father Tom, "for it's not safe, so it isn't, to have the likes ov you in a house where there's temptation in your way."

"Is it me?" says his Riv'rence; "why what would your Holiness be at, at all? Sure I wasn't doing no such thing."

"Would you have me doubt the evidence ov my sinses?" says the Pope; "would you have me doubt the testimony ov my eyes and ears?" says he.

"Indeed I would so," says his Riv'rence, "if they pretend to have informed your Holiness ov any sich foolishness."

"Why," says the Pope, "I've seen you afther kissing Eliza as plain as I see the nose on your face; I heard the smack you gave her as plain as ever I heard thundher."

"And how do you know whether you see the nose on my face or not?" says his Riv'rence, "and how do you know whether what you thought was thundher, was thundher at all? Them operations on the sinses," says he, "comprises only particular corporal emotions, connected wid sartain confused percipitions called sinsations, and isn't to be depended upon at all. If we were to follow them blind guides we might jist as well turn heretics at onc't. 'Pon my secret word, your Holiness, it's neither charitable nor orthodox ov you to set up the testi-

mony ov your eyes and ears agin the character ov a clergyman. And now, see how aisy it is to explain all them phwenomena that perplexed you. I ris and went over beside the young woman because the skillet was boiling over, to help her to save the dhrop ov liquor that was in it; and as for the noise you heard, my dear man, it was neither more nor less nor myself dhrawing the cork out ov this blissid bottle."

"Don't offer to thrape that upon me!" says the Pope; "here's the cork in the bottle still, as tight as a wedge."

"I beg your pardon," says his Riv'-rence, "that's not the cork at all," says he, "I dhrew the cork a good two minits ago, and .it's very purtily

spitted on the end ov this blessed cork-schrew at this prisint moment; howandiver you can't see it, because it's only its real prisince that's in it. But that appearance that you call a cork," says he, "is nothing but the outward spacies and external qualities of the cortical nathur. Them's nothing but the accidents of the cork that you're looking at and handling; but, as I tould you afore, the real cork's dhrew, and is here prisint on the end ov this nate little instrumment, and it was the noise I made in dhrawing it, and nothing else, that you mistook for the sound ov the *pogue*."

You know there was no conthra-vening what he said; and the Pope couldn't openly deny it. Howandiver he thried to pick a hole in it this way.

"Granting," says he, "that there is the differ you say betwixt the reality ov the cork and these cortical accidents; and that it's quite possible, as you allidge, that the thrue cork is really prisint on the end ov the schrew, while the accidents keep the mouth ov the bottle stopped—still," says he, "I can't undherstand, though willing to acquit you, how the dhrawing ov the real cork, that's onpalpable and widout accidents, could produce the accident of that sinsible explosion I heard jist now,"

"All I can say," says his Riv'rence, "is that it was a rale accident, any how."

"Ay," says the Pope, "the kiss you gev Eliza, you mane."

"No," says his Riv'rence, "but the report I made."

"I don't doubt you," says the Pope.

"No cork could be dhrew with less noise," says his Riv'rence.

"It would be hard for any thing to be less nor nothing, barring algebra," says the Pope.

"I can prove to the contrary," says his Riv'rence. "This glass ov whiskey is less nor that tumbler ov punch, and that tumbler ov punch is nothing to this jug ov *scalltheen*."

"Do you judge by superficial measure or by the liquid contents?" says the Pope.

"Don't stop me, betwixt my premises and my conclusion," says his Riv'rence: "*Ergo*, this glass ov whiskey is less nor nothing; and for that raison I see no harm in life in adding

it to the contents ov the same jug, just by way ov a frost-nail."

"Adding what's less nor nothing," says the Pope, "is subtraction according to algebra, so here goes to make the rule good," says he, filling his tumbler wid the blessed stuff, and sitting down again at the table, for the anger didn't stay two minits on him, the good-hearted ould sowl.

"Two minuses make one plus," says his Riv'rence, as ready as you plase, "and that'll account for the increased daycrement I mane to take the liberty of producing in the same mixed quantity," says he, follying his Holiness's epistolical example.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "that's the best stuff I ever tasted;

you call it a mix'd quantity, but I say it's prime."

"Since it's ov the first ordher, then," says his Riv'rence, "we'll have the less deffeequilty in reducing it to a simple equation."

"You'll have no fractions at my side any how," says the Pope. "Faix, I'm afeared," says he, "it's only too asy ov solution our sum is like to be."

"Never fear for that," says his Riv'rence, "I've a good stick ov surds here in the bottle; for I tell you it will take us a long time to extrhact the root ov it, at the rate we're going on."

"What makes you call the blessed quart an irrational quantity?" says the Pope.

"Because it's too much for one and too little for two," says his Riv'rence.

"Clear it ov its coefficient, and we'll thry," says the Pope.

"Hand me over the exponent then," says his Riv'rence.

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"The schrew, to be sure," says his Riv'rence.

"What for?" says the Pope.

"To dhraw the cork," says his Riv'rence.

"Sure the cork's dhrew," says the Pope.

"But the sperets can't get out on account ov the accidents that's stuck in the neck ov the bottle," says his Riv'rence.

"Accident ought to be passable to sperit," says the Pope, "and that makes me suspect that the reality ov the cork's in it afther all."

"That's a barony-masia," says his Riv'rence, "and I'm not bound to answer it. But the fact is, that it's the accidents ov the sperits too that's in it, and the reality's passed out through the cortical species as you say; for, you may have observed, we've both been in real good sperits ever since the cork was dhrawn, and where else would the real sperits come from if they wouldn't come out ov the bottle?"

"Well then," says the Pope, "since we've got the reality, there's no use throubling ourselves wid the accidents."

"Oh, begad," says his Riv'rence, "the accidents is very essential too; for a man may be in the best ov good sperits, as far as his immaterial part goes, and yet need the accidental

qualities ov good liquor to hunt the sinsible thirst out ov him." So he dhraws the cork in earnest, and sets about brewing the other skillet ov *scaltheen*; but, faiz, he had to get up the ingredients this time by the hands ov ould Moley; though devil a taste ov her little finger he'd let widin a yard ov the same coction.

But, my dear, here's the *Freeman's Journal*, and we'll see what's the news afore we finish the residuary proceedings of their two Holinesses.

CHAPTER V.

THE REASON WHY FATHER TOM WAS NOT MADE A CARDINAL.

Hurroo, my darlings!—didn't I tell you it 'ud never do? Success to bould John Tuam and the ould siminary ov Firdramore! Oh, more power; to your Grace every day you rise, 'tis you that has broken their Boord into shivers undher your feet! Sure, and isn't it a proud day for Ireland, this blessed feast ov the choir ov Saint Pether? Isn't Carlisle and Whately smashed to pieces, and their whole

college of swaddling teachers knocked into smidhereens. John Tuam, your sowl, has tuck his pasthoral staff in his hand and beathen them out o' Connaught as fast as ever Pathric druve the serpints into Clew Bay.

Poor ould Mat Kevanagh, if he was alive this day, 'tis he would be the happy man. "My curse upon their g'ographies and Bibles," he used to say; "where's the use ov perplexing the poor childre wid what we don't undherstand ourselves?" no use at all, in troth, and so I said from the first myself.

"Well, thank God and his Grace, we'll have no more thrigonomethry nor scripther in Connaught. We'll hould our lodges every Saturday night, as we used to do, wid our chairman

behind the masther's desk, and we'll hear our mass every Sunday morning wid the blessed priest standing afore the same.

I wisht to goodness I hadn't parted wid my Seven Champions ov Christendom and Freney the Robber: they're books that'll be in great requist in Leithrim as soon as the pasthoral gets wind. Glory be to God! I've done wid their lecthirs—they may all go and be d——d wid their consumption and production.

I'm off to Tallymactaggart before daylight in the morning, where I'll thry whether a sod or two o' turf can't consume a cart-load ov heresy, and whether a weekly meeting ov the lodge can't produce a new thayory ov rints.

But afore I take my lave ov you, I may as well finish my story about poor Father Tom that I hear is coming up to slate the heretics in Adam and Eve during the Lint.

The Pope—and indeed it ill became a good Catholic to say any thing agin him—no more would I, only that his Riv'rence was in it—but you see the fact ov it is, that the Pope was as envious as ever he could be, at seeing himself sacked right and left by Father Tom; and bate out o' the face, the way he was, on every science and subjec' that was started. So, not to be outdone altogether, he says to his Riv'rence “you're a man that's fond ov the brute crayation, I hear, Misther Maguire?”

“I don't deny it,” says his Riv'-

rence, "I've dogs that I'm willing to run agin any man's, ay, or to match them agin any other dogs in the world for genteel edication and polite manners," says he.

"I'll hould you a pound," says the Pope, "that I've a quadhruped in my possession that's a wiser baste nor any dog in your kennel."

"Done," says his Riv'rence, and they staked the money.

"What can this larned quadhruped o' yours do?" says his Riv'rence.

"It's my mule," says the Pope, "and, if you were to offer her goolden oats and clover off the meadows o' Paradise, sorra taste ov aither she'd let pass her teeth till the first mass is over every Sunday or holiday in th' year."

"Well, and what 'ud you say if I showed you a baste ov mine," says his Riv'rence, "that, instead ov fasting till first mass is over only, fasts out the whole four-and-twenty hours ov every Wednesday and Friday in the week as reg'lar as a Christian?"

"Oh, be asy, Masther Maguire," says the Pope.


"You don't b'lieve me, don't you?" says his Riv'rence, "very well, I'll soon show you whether or no," and he put his knuckles in his mouth, and gev a whistle that made the Pope stop his fingers in his ears. The aycho, my dear, was hardly done playing wid the cobwebs in the cornish, when the door flies open, and in jumps Spring. The Pope happened to be sitting next the door, betuxt him and his Riv'rence,

and, may I never die, if he didn't clear him, thruple crown and all, at one spring. "God's presence be about us!" says the Pope, thinking it was an evil spirit come to fly away wid him for the lie that he had told in regard ov his mule (for it was nothing more nor a thrick that consisted in grazing the brute's teeth :) but, seeing it was only one ov the greatest beauties ov a greyhound that he'd ever laid his epistolical eyes on, he soon recovered ov his fright, and began to pat him, while Father Tom ris and went to the sideboord, where he cut a slice ov pork, a slice ov beef, a slice ov mutton, and a slice ov salmon, and put them all on a plate thegither. "Here, Spring, my man," says he, setting the plate down afore him on the hearth-

stone, "here's your supper for you this blessed Friday night." Not a word more he said nor what I tell you; and, you may believe it or not, but it's the blessed truth that the dog, afther jist tasting the salmon, and spitting it out again, lifted his nose out o' the plate, and stood wid his jaws wather-ing, and his tail wagging, looking up in his Riv'rence's face, as much as to say, "Give me your absolution, till I hide them temptations out o' my sight."

"There's a dog that knows his duty," says his Riv'rence; "there's a baste that knows how to conduct himself aither in the parlor or the field. You think him a good dog, looking at him here: but I wish't you seen him on the side ov Sleeve-an-Eirin! Be my

soul, you'd say the hill was running away from undher him. Oh I wish't you had been wid me," says he, néver letting on to see the dog stale, "one day, last Lent, that I was coming from mass. Spring was near a quarther ov a mile behind me, for the childher was delaying him wid bread and butther at the chapel door; when a lump ov a hare jumped out ov the plantations ov Grouse Lodge and ran acress the road; so I gev the whilloo, and knowing that she'd take the rise of the hill, I made over the ditch, and up through Mullaghcashel as hard as I could pelt, still keeping her in view, but afore I had gone a perch, Spring seen her, and away the two went like the wind, up Drumrewy, and down Clooneen, and over the river, widout his being



able onc't to turn her. Well, I run on till I come to the Diffagher, and through it I went, for the wather was low and I didn't mind being wet shod, and out on the other side, where I got up on a ditch, and seen sich a coorse, as I'll be bound to say was never seen afore or since. If Spring turned that hare onc't that day, he turned her fifty times, up and down, back and for'ard, throughout and about. At last he run her right into the big quarryhole in Mullaghbawn, and when I went up to look for her fud, there I found him sthretched on his side, not able to stir a foot, and the hare lying about an inch afore his nose as dead as a door-nail, and divil a mark of a tooth upon her. Eh, Spring, isn't that thrue?" says he. Jist at that minit the clock

sthruck twelve, and, before you could say thrap-sticks, Spring had the plateful of mate consaled. "Now," says his Riv'rence, "hand me over my pound, for I've won my bate fairly."

"You'll excuse me," says the Pope, pocketing his money, "for we put the clock half-an-hour back, out ov compliment to your Riv'rence," says he, "and it was Sathurday morning afore he came up at all."

"Well, it's no matther," says his Riv'rence, putting back his pound-note in his pocket-book, "Only," says he, "it's hardly fair to expect a brute baste to be so well skilled in the science ov chronology."

In troth his Riv'rence was bad'ly used in the same bet, for he won it clever; and, indeed, I'm afeard the

shabby way he was thrated had some effect in putting it into his mind to do what he did. "Will your Holiness take a blast ov the pipe?" says he, dhrawing out his dhudeen.

"I never smoke," says the Pope, "but I haven't the least objection to the smell of the tobaccay."

"Oh, you had betther take a dhraw," says his Riv'rence, "it'll relish the dhrink, that 'ud be too luscious entirely, widout something to flavour it."

"I had thoughts," said the Pope, wid the laste sign ov a hiccup on him, "ov getting up a broiled bone for the same purpose."

"Well," says his Riv'rence, "a broiled bone 'ud do no manner ov harm at this present time; but a

smoke," says he, "'ud flavor both the devil and the dhrink."

"What sort o' tobaccay is it that's in it?" says the Pope.

"Raal nagur-head," says his Riv'rence, "a very mild and salubrious species ov the philosophic weed."

"Then, I don't care if I do take a dhraw," says the Pope. Then Father Tom held the coal himself till his Holiness had the pipe lit; and they sat widout saying any thing worth mentioning for about five minutes.

At last the Pope says to his Riv'rence, "I dunna' what gev me this plaguy hiccup," says he. "Dhrink about," says he—"Begorra," he says, "I think I'm getting merrier 'an'ε good for me. Sing us a song, your Riv'rence," says he.

Father Tom then sung him Monat-agrenage and the Bunch o' Rushes, and he was mighty well pleased wid both, keeping time wid his hands, and joining in in the choruses, when his hiccup 'ud let him. At last, my dear, he opens the lower button ov his waistcoat, and the top one ov his waistband, and calls to Masther Anthony to lift up one ov the windys. "I dunna what's wrong wid me, at all, at all," says he "I'm mortal sick."

"I thrust," says his Riv'renee, "the pasthry that you ate at dinner hasn't disagreed wid your Holiness's stomach."

"Oh my! oh!" says the Pope, "what's this at all?" gasping for breath, and as pale as a sheet, wid a could swate bursting out over his fore-

head, and the palms ov his hands spread out to cotch the air. "Oh my! oh my!" says he, "fetch me a basin!—Don't spake to me. Oh!—oh!—blood alive!—Oh, my head, my head, hould my head!—oh!—ubh!—I'm poisoned!—ach!"

"It was them plaguy pasthries," says his Riv'rence. "Hould his head hard," says he, "and clap a wet cloth over his timpls. If you could only thry another dlraw o' the pipe, your Holiness, it 'ud set you to rights in no time."

"Carry me to bed," says the Pope, "and never let me see that wild Irish priest again. I'm poisoned by his manes—ubplsch!—ach!—ach!—He dined wid Cardinal Wayld yesther-day," says he, "and he's bribed him

to take me off. Send for a confessor.” says he, “for my latther end’s approaching. My head’s like to split—so it is!—Oh my! oh my!—ubplsch!—ach!”

Well, his Riv’rence never thought it worth his while to make him an answer; but, when he seen how ungratefully he was used, afther all his throuble in making the evening agreeable to the ould man, he called Spring, and put the but-end ov the second bottle into his pocket, and left the house widout once wishing “Good-night, an’ plaisant dhrames to you;” and, in troth, not one of *them* axed him to lave them a lock ov his hair.

That’s the story as I heard it tould: but myself doesn’t b’lieve over one-half of it. Howandiver, when all’s

done, it's a shame, so it is, that he's not a bishop this blessed day and hour: for, next to the goiant ov Saint Garlath's, he's out and out the cleverest fellow ov the whole jing-bang.

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Father Tom and the pope

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